

# LADIES' VISITER.

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THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1819.

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Vol. 1.]

[No. 1.

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"VIRTUE OUR PRESENT PEACE....OUR FUTURE PRIZE."

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TO THE PATRONS OF THE LADIES' VISITER:

To those who patronize the present publication custom requires, that a few preliminary observations by way of introduction should be addressed. The Editor is well aware that he shall have, in prosecuting the present undertaking, to encounter many difficulties, which will require the utmost care and attention to surmount. To enhance the value and ensure the success of this work correspondents will be necessary to furnish a sufficiency of original matter and good selections, both of which will at all times be thankfully received.

The present is a work favorable to the improvement of the mind, by affording to both sexes an opportunity of exercising their talents in composition, and displaying their taste in selecting; and being dedicated to the Ladies of this happy land, it is fondly anticipated that they will not withhold their aid; but that their Literary talents will be exercised, and their refined taste displayed, in such manner as to afford that assistance so much needed, in the prosecution thereof, each endeavoring through the medium of the "Visiter" to be useful, by imparting to others that which may have a tendency to amuse and instruct.

If the Editor should commit errors, or be guilty of indiscretions in performing his duty, to be free from which he cannot expect, he confidently relies on that liberality of sentiment & mild disposition so eminently displayed in the female character, for the best construction of his intentions, which he will endeavor to merit.

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It is hoped that subscribers for the Visiter will excuse the delay which has unavoidably occurred in issuing the first number; which appears without ornamental heading, though handsome designs for cuts, are now in the hands of the engraver, which we hope shortly to obtain. It was contemplated on is.

suings one number of the *Visiter* every four weeks, but owing to the delay in commencing, and being desirous that the numbers for one year should close about the first of March next, will render it necessary to publish several numbers in quicker succession, which, it is trusted will meet the approbation of Subscribers.

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[FOR THE VISITER.]

No wanton waste amid profuse expense,  
The great economist adjusting all,  
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.

YOUNG.

It has always been found that the manners and customs of every people, are greatly influenced by Women, and they are frequently instrumental in regulating or giving a turn, to most human affairs.

This influence is in a measure peculiar to the sex, and from their peculiar situations in society.—As the weaker they look up for favor and support from the males, but from the interest they have excited, they acquire a preponderancy over their manners and actions. Mankind become insensibly assimilated to objects they are attached to, and to manners they admire, and are often brought to pursue that line of conduct, which they themselves have not devised. The stern inflexibility of the male, yields to the softer mildness of the female, and the cold dictates of his reason are influenced by the warmer feelings of his heart.—It is from women that the minds of the whole species of mankind receive their first cast, (in childhood) the first years of infancy are entirely entrusted to the care of women—at this early period when the infant mind begins to evolve its faculties and powers, and at this time when the temper and disposition is forming, that impressions once made, remain so permanent and fixed. Women then have much in their power of early implanting these principles of solid and future usefulness, of erecting peculiar tempers and dispositions, in fine of inculcation those maxims of virtue and religion upon which the future happiness or misery of their offspring depends. It is by pursuing such a line of conduct that they would be rewarded by lasting honors, their children, and children's children would rise up imitating their example, and venerating their memory, and mankind would do homage at the shrine of their virtues.

There are peculiar times and circumstances, when female virtue and patriotism, from the influence and powers, with which they are unconsciously vested, might be exerted openly, or gradually, and by imperceptible means to assist and restore energy &c



prosperity to the community, and to their country, when losses and embarrasments distress and effect almost every individual, when industry is much impeded, and but slight encouragements observed for its support and direction. When Economy is but little observed, and when the introductions of luxury and a vitiated taste, or preference for foreign commodities is followed, (which indeed the fair sex themselves in some degree assisted to introduce and perpetuate,) female influence should exert all its interest and ability, to reform these abuses, to bring back to nature, to introduce domestic manners and domestic employments, and cultivate an attachment for them. If the fair sex have in the least abetted in any of these evils, theirs will be the honor, in some measure of effecting a reform.

From their virtuous efforts and example, and from their fostering hands, a happy change might be produced. Like the cheering influence of the morning sun, after a night of tempest & desolation, reanimating and beautifying the face of nature and creating regularity and order from confusion. Habit would soon reconcile them to a procedure, which virtue and interest first began—and in fine, they would reap more advantages and more domestic enjoyments than all the silks, lawns, laces, and rich stuffs of Europe, or all the teas and coffees the Indies could afford. “It appears very strange (says a sagacious author) that a predilection for whatever is far fetched, because of its being foreign, should have such a tendency upon the taste and manners of society; whereas self love which produces so many foolish effects, might at least produce a reasonable one, (i. e.) to make people fond of home, and whatever is the product of their own grounds.”

But the manners of the age in many places have affixed to domestic customs and employments, an idea of meanness and contempt, and have exhibited in their place, a stupid idleness, frivolous conversation, a vain levity of conduct, a passion for idle amusements, and public shows, and a vitiated taste for gaudy apparel, and far brought dainties. But the meed of praise, where it is due! it must, with pleasure, be confessed, that many of our fair country women consider it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to be occupied in domestic manners becoming their sex; but in the mean time adorn their minds with those refined studies that render them the bright ornaments of society, and the virtuous objects of imitation.

Let it not be supposed that women are to be brought forward upon the open theatre of life, in order to enforce them to a participation of its more laborious duties, nor to damp the gay serenity of their countenances, nor to cloud their brows in the prosecution of studies at once arduous and abstruse; such a sphere would be contrary to the liveliness of their disposition, and for such they were not designed; no, the peculiar functions of wo-

men, are a life serious and retired, needle work and the occupation of domestic employments, and the more elegant studies of Literature, calculated to adorn and improve.

The page of history is frequently embellished with many bright examples of the domestic manners with which even the greatest personages occupied their time. Alexander the Great, presented the mother of Darius, many stuffs and habits made by the women of Macedonia, and the robe or garment which he himself wore, was manufactured by his own sisters.

The women of ancient Greece and Rome, possessed of simple manners, exhibited a peculiar character and sense of piety & virtue, they were exceedingly happy—and they often decided the fate of States.

The manners of the Arcadians in rural employments and the strict or rigid discipline of the Lacedemonians which extended itself to their women, have been the theme of the Poet, and of the Historian.

Many other examples might be related of the domestic manners of the ancients, their history presents unvaried scenes of domestic felicity. Happy ages ! Virtuous vocations of simplicity and innocence ! Luxury had not yet corrupted their manners nor introduced amongst them her long train of evils.—But why is it necessary to refer to the primitive ages. Columbia the youngest of nations, can boast of a period, when her hardier sons were contending in the field for the sacred cause of Liberty and Independence ; her virtuous daughters were not unmindful of their wants, in adopting frugal manners and domestic employments, and when the return of gentle peace crowned their efforts in that arduous struggle with success, it likewise found them emancipated from the shackles of foreign luxuries. Prosperity attended every effort ; America became the wonder of the world—and an Asylum for the oppressed of every nation.

“ No life is so happy (says a sensible writer) as that which is spent in the prosecution of some useful employment, to which our powers are equal, and to which we are invited by the prospect of a suitable reward.”

These occupations are in themselves sources of contentment and happiness, they not only strengthen and invigorate the body but restrain the mind from wandering in search of artificial enjoyments, or unsubstantial pleasures, or prevent that langour and discontent that arises from sloth and inactivity.

There are other relative duties which women are capable of rendering consistent with their character, and highly advantageous to society. Too frequently animosities arise from slight, personal offences, which are kept alive by resentful reflections ; too often dissensions proceed from trifling incidents, which divide whole communities, and prevents that friendly intercourse and harmony amongst former friends and neighbors. And too,



prone are many through envy to detract from the merits of others who otherwise deserve admiration, & to listen to the tales of malice and detraction.

Female dispositions, though so accute in sensibility, and so susceptible to the slightest digressions are easily biased in their opinions more from passion than reason; yet the beneficence of their natures and the kind affections of their hearts, throw a thick veil over the frailties of their nature and incite them to cultivate those benevolent affections which are so deeply implanted in their hearts; to heal the dissensions of individuals, and of society; nay, so effectual are the influences which females might exert, that were commotions to arise from the feuds of faction, or the rancour of party spirit, that would threaten to embroil the state in civil discord, and spread terror and ruin even under the best of governments; they would be enabled from their influence in society, and conciliating dispositions, to unite the contentious to heal the disaffected, and restore tranquility and peace to their country. According to Sacred History, the wisdom of one woman saved the destruction of an opulent city, and prevented the rebellion of the ten tribes of Israel from the house of David after the death of Absalom—and we read in Profane History, that when the Roman and Sabine armies were on the eve of a most sanguinary battle, the timely intervention of the women prevented the effusion of blood; their tears and entreaties reconciled combatants fierce and enraged, and their love subdued the more ferocious passions of anger and revenge.

But perhaps the writer has already overstepped the bounds of prudence, by the freedom of his remarks; yet he hopes to meet with forgiveness, from the desire of doing good. If he has been so unfortunate as to displease in the manner, he expects some little attention to the matter; If he has been too presumptuous as a Monitor, still he hopes for indulgence as an Adviser.

EUGENEUS.

The following eulogium was translated for the Visiter, by a friend, from the French of Raynall. The subject thereof was Mrs. ELIZABETH DRAPER, the wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. who was a counsellor at Bombay, and afterwards, the chief of the English Factory at Surat. It appears from the letters addressed to Eliza by the celebrated Mr. Sterne, that his esteem for her was not inferior to that of Mr. Raynall, though expressed in a more smooth style, not partaking so much of rhapsody.

#### ELIZABETH DRAPER.

Land of Anjinga, thou art but little accounted in the world!—But thou hast produced an Eliza. The day will arrive when those establishments founded by the Europeans on the coasts of

Asia will no longer exist. The wild grass will cover them, or the Indians will complete their ruin, after some ages have elapsed, in revenge for the injuries and devastations they have received : but if my writings will have any duration, the name of Anjinga will be remembered by man ! Those who will have read them, and those whom the winds may propel towards those ruins, will exclaim, that there is the place where Eliza Draper was born !—And if there be amongst them a Briton, he will hasten to exhibit his national feelings, for she was born there of English parents. O reader ! whoever you may be, pardon me this involuntary emotion ! Permit me here to vent my grief and my tears ! Eliza was my friend ! If I have at any time attended to the misfortunes of others, deign to commiserate with me in this my sorrow ;—thy gentle pity will be my recompence, and I will be thy friend without knowing thee.

Eliza closed her earthly existence in the country of her parents at the age of thirty-three. A celestial spirit separated itself from the loveliest of frames. Ye who will visit the spot where her sacred ashes repose, will find sculptured on the marble that covers them, the year, the month, and the day she died :—and her maker took her soul to himself.—Author original—happy Stern ; thy admirer and thy friend !—It was Eliza that inspired thy works, and gave to thy pages their most touching parts : thou thyself, art now no more ; and I only remain : I have wept of thee with Eliza ; you have wept with me of her ! and if heaven had allotted you both to have survived me, you would have lamented me with her.

The men said no other woman had the same graces with Eliza—the women acknowledged her superiority : all praised her candour ; all praised her sensibility ; and all were ambitious of being acquainted with her. Envy never attacked a merit so rare, and of which she herself was ignorant.

Anjinga, it is to the influence of thy happy climate, without doubt, that she owed that almost incompatible agreement of the most voluptuous graces and modesty, which her whole person displayed, and which flowed through all her movements. The statuary who would have wished to represent the most enticing symmetry of form, would have taken her for his model—and she would equally have served the painter as a copy of modesty.

That quick vivacity of mind unknown in our countries, the thick and cloudy atmosphere of England had nearly extinguished. Something indescribable Eliza possessed—an invincible charm surrounded her ! Desire ; but a desire fearful and timid followed her in silence. An honest man could have dared to love her, but he dare not acquaint her of it.

I sought for Eliza amongst all—I found her.—I seized some one of her traits ; some one of her scattering charms, amongst women the most interesting : But what each one possessed she



united all in herself ! Ye powers who have exhausted your gifts in forming an Eliza, formed her only for a moment ; to be for a moment admired—but to be forever regretted.

All who ever saw Eliza regret her : for me—I shall regret her all the rest of my life ! But is it enough to regret her ?—Those who have known her tenderness for me—the confidence she reposed in me, will say it is not. She is now no more : and I only remain ! Eliza condescended to forsake her country, her parents and her friends, to seat herself down beside me, and to live amongst mine ! What felicity did I not promise myself ? What joy did it not afford me, to see her sought after by men of genius—to see her searched for by women of the best and most refined taste ! I said to myself, Eliza is young, and I am hastening to my final term ! It will be her who will close my eyes !—Vain hope ! O the reverseness of all human probabilities : my old age has survived her younger years ! There is now no other person for me in the world : destiny has condemned me to live and die alone !

Eliza had a cultivated mind ; and art never made her to perceive it : It only served to enhance the gifts of nature, and only answered to render her charms more durable : every moment she pleased more ; at every moment she became more interesting. The impression she made in the Indies, the same impression she made in Europe. Eliza was then very handsome ! No, she was more than handsome ! but it was that beauty, peculiar to herself, which cannot be effaced. Eliza has written ; and the men of her nation, who have exhibited the most taste and elegance in their works, would not have disowned the little number of pages she has left behind her. When I first saw Eliza, I experienced a sentiment before to me unknown. It was too lively to be that of friendship, and it was too pure to be that of love. If it had been a passion, Eliza would have made me lament it---she would have brought me back to reason, and she would have made me forget it.

Eliza often said, she esteemed me more than any other. At present I can believe her : but in these last moments, I am unable to trace one line without having the monument she has left me constantly before my eyes . and it is impossible for my pen to describe sufficiently her graces or her virtues !

“ That severe and rigid Muse which you so much regard,” said she to me, “ it is history, the august function of which is to determine the opinion of posterity. That fickle divinity, it is Fame which hovers over the earth, and deigns not to preserve thy remembrance a single moment. She carries abroad thy works, and only prepares our estimation of them by their connection. Behold that Phoenix ! immortal amidst the flames. It is the symbol of genius which never dies. These emblems exhort thee, without ceasing, to arise to the defence of humanity, of Truth, and of Liberty.”

From these celestial regions, oh, Eliza thy first and last country receive my prayer!—I swear never to write a line where thy friend is not to be recognised.

[SELECTED FOR THE VISITER.]

## **LOVE PREFERRED TO FORTUNE.**

A sentimental Tale, founded on Facts.

In a village in the west of England, lived a gentleman who was happy in the possession of a moderate and unincumbered estate, but much more so in having a most amiable and deserving daughter. In Mira's person was centered an elegance that might have entitled her to the epithet of *Sister to the Graces*: her face bloomed with the united colours of innocence and modesty; and her sentimental, her speaking eyes, strongly declared every emotion of her soul. Her mind was every way worthy of its fair receptacle, uninfluenced by custom, uncorrupted by fashion, there dwelt genuine goodness, contempt of riches when associated with vice, and veneration for poverty when accompanied by virtue. Her father, to disengage himself from every care that he might the more immediately attend to the improvement of his daughter, bestowed the principal management of his affairs on a young man of the county, of whom he had heard a very advantageous character. Colin was born of a tolerable family, though now so far reduced as to be placed in a dependent situation: he was of an agreeable figure, and naturally sensible; but his greatest commendation was the resemblance his mind bore to Mira's: it is easy to imagine what power her charms (heightened by this sympathy) had over the unfortunate Colin, doomed daily to behold the beautiful object of his desires, but by the disparity of circumstances never to aspire to the possession of it.

By the easy affability with which she indulged his conversation, he had several opportunities of declaring his passion, but his diffidence never allowed him to make use of them. One day, as he was wandering about the garden, he observed Mira pensively coming down a walk with a book in her hand; her usual beauty was heightened by the seriousness of her aspect, and the simplicity of her dress, the charms of which soaring above description, should I endeavour to express,

The loves would think their mother I had seen,  
And for the nymph described the Italian queen.

It was now no longer in Colin's power to conceal his passion from her; he met her, and engaging in common conversation, he seated himself by her on a bank of verdant turf; he trem-



bled, hesitated, and at length with a manifest confusion, ventured to declare his love in the softest accent that the tender passion could inspire: Mira made no reply, but her blushes and the mild languish that appeared in her eyes, sufficiently convinced her happy swain of the truth she endeavored to conceal. From the time they were acquainted with each others mind, they were almost inseperable. Mira would often attempt to assist her lover in his work, or beguile the time by repeating some soft story, while her enamoured Colin would steal whole hours from his duty by rapturously gazing on her, or eagerly listening to the sentiments of virtue which flowed from her lips.

Thus happy fled the hours, till her father, suspecting from some circumstances, their passion, watched and caught them sitting beneath a shade formed by the luxuriant branches of a stately oak: Colin had one arm round Mira's neck, whilst her head was fondly reclined on his bosom. Her father withdrew to a small distance, without being perceived; alarmed at this freedom, and resolving to disappoint their mutual passion, he called for Colin, and taking no notice of what he had lately seen, he ordered him to find employment in another part of his estate, that wanted more cultivation than this he was engaged in. Colin, though inwardly grieved at the absence this must occasion; could not dispute so reasonable a command, for fear of suspicion, he accordingly withdrew with a cheerless heart to the place of his allotment.

Mira's father having succeeded so far, began to think of choosing a proper person for his daughter to marry with, from the number that professed themselves her admirers: though he was not avaricious, he had lived long enough in the world to know the consequence annexed to a good estate, and accordingly fixed on Frederick, a young gentleman of fortune: he commanded his daughter to receive his addresses in a distinguishable manner.—Mira in vain represented to him the impossibility of her ever liking Frederick, and the ill consequences which always attend a forced marriage: the old gentleman continued inflexible, and gave strict orders to prepare for the approaching nuptials.

Mira was inconsolable, and knew no way to avoid what she so much dreaded: she indeed had flight in her power; but she was determined not to forsake her father, nor involve her innocence in the many snares which an unexperienced and lovely fugitive meets with in the world. It has been remarked, that as there is nothing we can reasonably be sure of, so there is nothing we ought to despair of. Mira's history confirmed the truth of this assertion; she was now reduced to the lowest ebb of despair, when an unexpected accident raised her above her warmest hopes.

As she was disconsolately walking in the garden, given up entirely to her own thoughts, she happened to stray into a neigh-

boring lawn, at the bottom of which ran a clear but deep rivulet; the mournful murmur that it made was soothing to the present afflicted state of her mind, and invited her to recline along its banks: in this situation so favourable to melancholy, she began to indulge her sorrows; when suddenly starting at a rustling that she heard; she turned and beheld Frederick: she arose and attempted to fly, but all confused and frightened, her foot slipped, and she fell into the river! Frederick was alarmed, and beheld the dismal scene with concern; but, not daring to venture himself in the dreadful element, he ran towards the house to bring the family to Mira's assistance: the shrieks that she sent forth came to the ears of Colin, who had, in spite of commands to the contrary, kept himself as near as possible to the object of his affections, and was then employed in a neighboring field: alarmed at the well known voice, he ran, he flew to the place it proceeded from, and beheld her on whom all his wishes were placed, pale, sinking, and half drowned! vainly attempting to recover the banks of the river!—he precipitated himself that minute, and grasping fast hold of her, with some difficulty, bore his lovely prize to shore in safety.

Frederick had by this time brought the trembling father and the rest of the family to the scene, when, beyond their hopes, they saw Mira safe in the arms of Colin! and though half spent, looking up with inexpressible love and gratitude to her preserver: on her father's approach she rose, and attempted to kneel, but he prevented her by taking her in his arms, embracing her, and expressing his joy in broken and incoherent accents; at length when the wild torrent of his joy had subsided, he turned to the lovers, and joining their trembling hands, he recollected himself sufficiently to say, "By this accident, so unfortunate in the beginning, I am taught to prefer love in a son-in-law to fortune: I have lost a base prejudice, and in the room of it have found a worthy man. Frederick must excuse the non-performance of my agreement; had his love reached to the height it ought, he would have endeavoured, at the risque of his own life, to have rescued her's, with whom he was to be blest in future; but the thoughts of his own safety outweighed all other considerations, and he left her to be preserved by another, who could not expect to enjoy the beauties he had saved." Colin who struck with amazement, had hitherto kept silence, broke forth in a passionate exclamation: "How happy has this unexpected accident made a whole family! How impossible is it for me to express my obligation to my worthy patron, who overlooking the meanness of my fortune and merit, has made me the happiest of mankind! and may my future conduct evince me worthy of the inestimable treasure committed to my care, and incline him, from this accident, so dreadful in the beginning, to date the brightest æra of his days." Sym-



pathetic tears dropped from every eye in the company, even Frederick could no appeal from the justice of his sentence, but resigned Mira to Colin, as infinitely more worthy of her. In a short time they were married, Hymen appearing to them in his most engaging looks, surrounded by conjugal virtue, peace, and prosperity, which constantly attending them, approved the happy Preference of Love to Fortune.

### THE LADY AND PHILOSOPHER.

A studious astronomer was taking great pains to instruct a lady in the system of Descartes: according to which, the groups of heavenly bodies consist only of vortices, and those bodies are mutually attracted by nothing but vortices. "My head turns round already," said the fair scholar. "Whether this system is adapted to the heavens, I have not the least desire to know; but I am pleased with it because in the same manner you may explain the system of the human heart, and that is my world." The astronomer looked at her with astonishment. He had studied the heavens a great deal, but he knew nothing at all concerning the human heart.

"Hear," continued the lady, "how I represent the matter to myself. Every person is such a Cartesian vortex. We constantly require an æther to float in; this æther is *vanity*, as the fundamental principle of all our motions; the *heart*, the centre of the vortex, is the sun around which the *passions* revolve as planets. Each planet has its moons; round *love*, for instance, revolves *jealousy*. They mutually illumine each other by reflection; but all their light is borrowed from the heart, whose second planet, *ambition*, is not so near to it as love, and therefore receives from it a less degree of warmth. Ambition has likewise its moons, many of which shine extremely bright; for instance, *bravery*, *magnanimity*; while others reflect but a dismal light, as *haughtiness*, *arrogance*, *flattery*. The largest planet in this system, the jupiter of the human heart, is *self-interest*, which has numberless satellites. *Reason* has also a little corner, she is our saturn, who steals away thirty years before we can perceive she has made one revolution. The comets in my system are no other than *meditations*, *reflections*; which, after many aberrations, get in a short time, into the vortex of the passions. Experience has taught us, that they have neither a pernicious nor a beneficial influence; they excite in us a little fear, and that is all: the vortex continues its course as before."

The astronomer smiled with open mouth, like one who does not comprehend a thing, but out of politeness, raised no objection to it. "I proceed a little further still," continued the lady. "That involuntary sentiment denominated *sympathy*, I compare to the power by which the magnet attracts iron. Both are in-

explicable. The solar spots may probably be the effect of age, when the warmth of the heart gradually decreases; for who can answer for it that our sun will not be by degrees extinguished? Then will the universe be as dark and cold as the heart of an old man, or a conqueror. The thought is enough to chill one. Farewell!"

The lady skipped away to forget in the vortex of a sprightly dance, the whole system of Descartes. The astronomer looked after her, shaking his head, and compared her to a shooting star.

[SELECTED FOR THE VISITER.]

## **THE HAPPY PAIR.**

### **A FRAGMENT.**

It was a neat little house, by the side of the fields: a pretty looking woman, dressed by simplicity, nature's handmaid, was laying the table cloth, and trimming up her little parlour: her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a pleasing voice, though wild and untutored, she sung the following stanzas,

Here beneath my humble cot,  
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;  
If contented with our lot,  
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Nature's wants are all supplied,  
Food and raiment, house and fire,  
Let others swell their courts of pride,  
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.

"My dear Charles," cried she, "you are late to-night."

"I am weary, Anna," said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

"I am sorry for it, my love; but come, eat your supper, and you shall then repose on my bosom, and hush all your cares to rest.

"If to be contented is to be happy, my dear," said she, "how superlatively happy am I. I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array, I please my Charles in my plain simple attire; I wish to please no other."

"Thou dear reward of all my toils! cried Charles, embracing her; how can I have a wish ungratified while possessed



of thee. I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented disposition, makes even wealth unnecessary."

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house. Charles and Anna seem perfectly happy and content with only a bare competence. I ask but a competence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch ; this very exclamation convinces us, that a trifle is adequate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the immediate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

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### W I S D O M.

A hermit in Italy, whose cottage stood solitary and alone on the top of a mountain, was asked how he could endure a life of such total seclusion, being a mile from any inhabitant. The old man replied, with a solemn tranquility of utterance, " Providence is my next-door neighbor."

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### A MATHEMATICAL TOAST.

The following toast is said to have been drank at an association of Schoolmasters :

" The fair daughters of Columbia :—May they ADD virtue to beauty, SUBTRACT envy from friendship, MULTIPLY amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, DIVIDE time by sociability and economy, and REDUCE scandal to its lowest denomination.

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## P O E T R Y.

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[FOR THE VISITER.]

From this barren ball of earth,  
If reason can unchain thee ;  
Thou art free.

YOUNG.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins ;  
Pity and woe ! For such a mind,  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind ;—  
And woe to those who train such youth,  
And spare to press the rights of truth,  
O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past ;  
Remind him of each wish pursued,  
How rich it glow'd with promis'd good,

Remind him of each wish enjoyed ;  
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !  
 Tell him, we play unequal game,  
 When e'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;  
 But OSCAR, docile, soft and mild,  
 Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child ;  
 In her bright car she bade him ride,  
 With one fair form to grace his side,  
 Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
 Flung her high spells around his seat,  
 Bathed in her dews his languid head,  
 Her fairy mantle o'er him spread ;  
 For him her opiates gave to flow,  
 Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,  
 And placed him in her circle, free  
 From every stern reality,  
 Till, to the visionary, seem  
 Her day-dreams TRUTH, and truth a DREAM.

PHILANDER.

[FOR THE VISITER.]

## S P R I N G.

SHE comes, the Queen of flow'rs, with garlands crown'd,  
 And wrapt in mantle green, diffusing round  
 Exquisite odours from her lavish hand,  
 While round her dance, in joyous mood, a band  
 Of blooming nymphs and boys, who strew her way  
 With all the flowers of the new-born May.  
 At her approach Winter with all his train  
 Flies far away, and leaves to her the plain :  
 Wheree'er her magic footsteps chance to tread,  
 The fragrant May-flower rears its blooming head,  
 The streamlet bursts its icy bands, and plays,  
 And joyous Naiads sing their summer lays.  
 Hark now from yonder grove what rapt'rous notes  
 Ascend the ravish'd air ; the sound now floats  
 In softest melody upon the gale,  
 And echos answer from the hill and vale ;  
 The feathered songsters strain their throats to sing  
 Sweet melodies to joy-reviving spring.

In yonder mead that teams with fragrant thyme,  
 Young lambkins frisk and bask away the time ;  
 The rustic shepherd, on a bank reclin'd,  
 Without a sadd'ning care to dull his mind,  
 Plays on his flute or sings some am'rous lay,  
 And pleasure ends as it began the day.  
 Now by the moons pale light the village train,



All, hand in hand, trip o'er the enamell'd plain,  
Join in the rustic dance or on the grass,  
Reclin'd at ease, the blissful evening pass ;  
Sing the love-song or the soft tale relate  
Of young Palemon's love and hapless fate ;  
While in their eyes the sympathetic tear  
Stands trembling, as the mournful tale they hear.

But hark ! in yonder grove the WHIPPERWILL  
Repeats his name : how mellow is the trill !  
Sweet bird of night ! Columbia's Nightingale !  
That charm'st at eve the shepherd in the vale,  
Oft as I wander on the mountain top,  
To listen to thy trem'lous note, I stop ;  
Oft from yon oak that rears its head so high,  
I've griev'd to see thee flap thy wings and fly,—  
Still nightly pay thy visits to that tree,  
And lull me with thy name—my lullaby !

Hail Queen of flowers ! hail Celestial Spring !  
Who first in Paradise thy reign began ;  
There first the echoing vales were heard to ring  
With feather'd songsters ; but the fall of man  
Brought Winter on the earth to mar thy pow'r,  
And turn it to a wild with snows and storms ;  
Then droop'd its languid head each dying flow'r,  
And Winter rul'd in all his hedious forms.  
Yet thou wert not an outcast from the earth,—  
Each year thou com'st redoubled in thy force  
To scatter Winter's devastating dearth,  
And trace again triumphant thy fair course.  
But soon the time shall come, celestial Spring ?  
When Winter shall to his own realms be hurl'd,  
When thou shalt through the earth thy blessing fling,  
And make again a Paradise this World !

RURALIA.

[FROM THE LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

### THE PARTING.

The sun attains his full meridian pow'r,  
In yonder garden view the charming scene,  
The aged pair conversing in the bow'r,  
Mary (their lovely daughter) sits between ;  
But ah ! how keen now blows the eastern gale,  
William comes bounding o'er the spacious lawn ;  
"My dearest love, behold the swelling sail,  
I leave my country ere to-morrow's dawn."  
"And is the cruel minute then so nigh,  
That tears a husband from my constant arms?"  
He wipes the trickling tear from Mary's eye,

